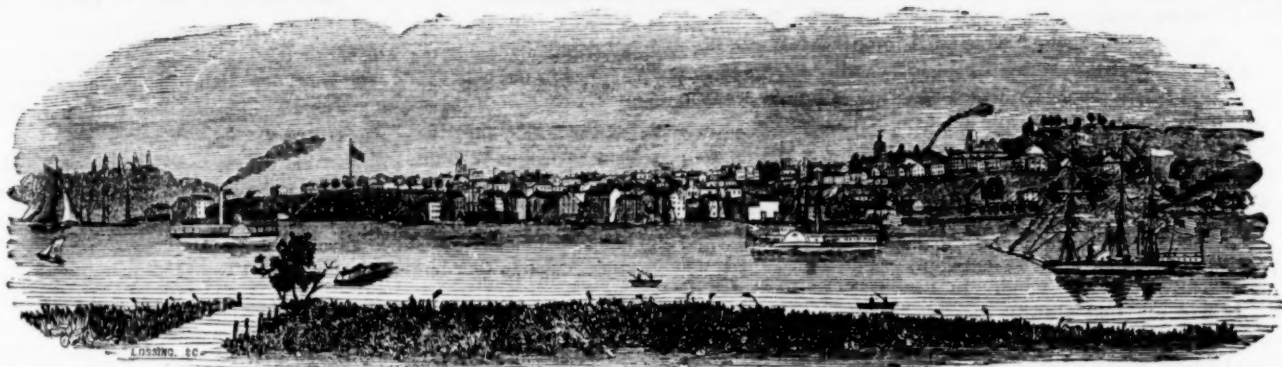


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1844.

NUMBER 19.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.



In this kind of figure I went my new journey, and was out five or six days. I travelled first along the sea-shore, directly to the place where I first brought my boat to an anchor, to get upon the rocks; and, having no boat now to take care of, I went over the land, a nearer way, to the same height that I was upon before; when, looking for-

ward to the point of the rocks which lay out, and which I was obliged to double with my boat, as is said above, I was surprised to see the sea all smooth and quiet; no rippling, no motion, no current, any more there than in any other place. I was at a strange loss to understand this, and resolved to spend some time in the observing it, to see if noth-

ing from the sets of the tide had occasioned it; but I was presently convinced how it was, viz: that the tide of the ebb setting from the west, and joining with the current of waters from some great river on the shore, must be the occasion of this current; and that, according as the wind blew more forcibly from the west, or from the north, this current came nearer, or went farther from the shore; for waiting thereabouts till evening, I went up to the rock again, and then the tide of ebb being made, I plainly saw the current again as before, only that it ran farther off, being near half a league from the shore; whereas, in my case, it set close upon the shore, and hurried me and my canoe along with it; which, at another time, it would not have done.

This observation convinced me that I had nothing to do but to observe the ebbing and the flowing of the tide, and I might very easily bring my boat about the island again; but when I began to think of putting it in practice, I had such a terror upon my spirits, at the remembrance of the danger I had been in, that I could not think of it again with any patience; but, on the contrary, I took up another resolution, which was more safe, though more laborious; and this was, that I would build or rather make me another periagua or canoe; and so have one for one side of the island, and one for the other.

You are to understand, that now I had, as I may call it, two plantations in the island; one, my little fortification or tent, with the wall about it, under the rock, with the cave behind me, which, by this time, I had enlarged into several apartments or caves, one within another. One of these, which was the driest and largest, and had a door beyond my wall of fortification—that is to say, beyond where my wall joined to the rock—was all filled up with the large earthen pots of which I have given an account, and with fourteen or fifteen great baskets, which would hold five or six bushels each, where I laid up my stores of provisions, especially my corn, some in the ear, cut off short from the straw, and the other rubbed out with my hand.

As for my wall, made, as before, with long stakes or piles, those piles grew all like trees, and were by this time grown so big, and spread so very much, that there was not the least appearance, to any one's view, of any habitation behind them.

Near this dwelling of mine, but a little farther within the land, and upon lower ground, lay my two pieces of corn land, and which duly yielded me

their harvest in its season; and whenever I had occasion for more corn, I had more land adjoining as fit as that.

Besides this, I had my country seat; and I had now a tolerable plantation there also; for, first, I had my little bower, as I called it, which I kept in repair; that is to say, I kept the hedge which encircled it in constantly fitted up to its usual height, the ladder standing always in the inside: I kept the trees, which at first were no more than my stakes, but were now grown very firm and tall, always cut, so that they might spread and grow thick and wild, and make the more agreeable shade; which they did effectually to my mind. In the middle of this, I had my tent always standing, being a piece of a sail, spread over poles set up for that purpose, and which never wanted any repair or renewing; and under this I had made me a squab or couch, with the skins of the creatures I had killed, and with other soft things; and a blanket laid on them such as belonged to our sea-bedding, which I had saved, and a great watch-coat to cover me; and here, whenever I had occasion to be absent from my chief seat, I took up my country habitation.

Adjoining to this, I had my enclosures for my cattle, that is to say, my goats; and, as I had taken an inconceivable deal of pains to fence and enclose this ground, I was so anxious to see it kept entire, lest the goats should break through, that I never left off till, with infinite labor, I had stuck the outside of the hedge so full of small stakes, and so near to one another, that it was rather a pale than a hedge, and there was scarce room to put a hand through between them; which afterwards, when those stakes grew, as they all did in the next rainy season, made the enclosure strong like a wall, indeed stronger than any wall.

This will testify for me that I was not idle, and that I spared no pains to bring to pass whatever appeared necessary for my comfortable support; for I considered the keeping up a breed of tame creatures thus at my hand would be a living magazine of flesh, milk, butter, and cheese for me, as long as I lived in the place, if it were to be forty years; and that keeping them in my reach, depended entirely upon my perfecting my enclosures to such a degree, that I might be sure of keeping them together; which, by this method, indeed, I so effectually secured, that when those little stakes began to grow, I had planted them so very thick, that I was forced to pull some of them up again.

TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SLAVE;

Or, Martinique in 1720.

Translated from the French,
BY CHARLES H. BARTLETT.

CHAPTER I.

SOME leagues distant from St. Pierre, at the foot of a mountain called by the natives "*les pitons du Carbet*," there once flourished the most extensive and valuable plantation upon the island of Martinique. Although the revenue of this vast possession was larger by far than that of many whereon were seen the castle, draw bridge and other appendages of the aristocracy of that day, one's eye was here charmed by the sight of a snug little villa whose reddish roof was half hidden by the tamarind and olive, and above which waved the branches of the beauti-

ful cocoa nut tree. It was called Rebeliere Place. The habitations of the large number of slaves belonging to the plantation, and store houses, &c. gave to the place the aspect of a village. Woods and marshes bounded the vast and flourishing fields, beyond which the earth yet remained in the wild luxury of primitive vegetation.

Towards the south east, near where the river Carbet takes its source, about a league distant, there was another plantation nearly or quite as extensive as that above mentioned, and which was called "*Les Mornes*." Here also well cultivated fields rolled off in the distance, even to the dark forest of the Carbet mountain.

About the time of the Christmas fetes, in the year 1720, three persons were sitting one evening after supper in an apartment in the mansion of Rebeliere. A chandelier loaded with small French lamps lighted the room, in which was seen luxury on the one hand and a want of comfort on the other, in strong contrast. There were no curtains to the windows, but screens of coarse canvass, carefully adjusted, arrested the swarms of mosquitoes attracted by the light, and gave a free passage to the evening breeze which moved gently through the apartment.

The servants had drawn aside the table, covered with dishes of gold and silver upon which the supper had been served, and the party were now seated around a small stand, a *chef d'œuvre* of veneering more worthy of figuring in the boudoir of a queen than in this room, white-washed and paved like a kitchen.

The persons seated around the stand were so dissimilar in the features of their physiognomies, that it was evident at a glance that they did not belong to the same family, nor even to the same clime. Madame de la Rebeliere was a perfect type of the creole race in all its haughty, yet graceful indolence. Her figure disappeared in the amplex of a robe whose folds were unbound and free, but from her infinite grace one felt that she must be exquisitely slender and delicate. Her features were charming, her hair black, and her skin soft and veined; she had the pale and lively freshness peculiar to the creole and those large dark eyes which in that climate are indeed beautiful.

Her husband, Monsieur de la Rebeliere, was a man yet young, but whom the hot climate of the Antilles had prematurely made old. He was of Belgian origin and although he had arrived in Martinique at a very early age, he had suffered from the influence of the climate, so hostile to foreigners. His hair already thin and of a light color fell in locks around a bronzed face, upon the expression of which was stamped timidity and meanness; but there was something in his air of pride and absoluteness that announced him as a man in the habit of commanding and of being obeyed. And beneath the paltriness which nature had impressed upon his features could be discovered the workings of violent passions and a tenacious will.

The young lady seated between Madame and Monsieur de la Rebeliere had all the freshness and bloom of fruits and flowers. She was one of those sweet and serene creatures who calm the very soul of the beholder; the enervating heat of the climate had not yet despoiled her cheek of its roses; her hair was of a dark brown shade and her eyes of a deep, charming blue. She was dressed *a la mode de France* with all the modest coquetry of a noble born maiden. Her bodice, laced before, set off her beautiful form, and the open work of a lace collar

allowed a glimpse at a neck of exquisite gracefulness. She was engaged at a piece of embroidery the pattern of which stood on the stand before her.

"Monsieur, I persist in saying that you do very wrong in not taking me with you to Port Royal," said Mme. de la Rebeliere, yawning and again sinking into the light bamboo arm chair in which she was seated.

M. de la Rebeliere shook his head with an air of decision, and said: "My dear, I know it will not be at all agreeable to you; if it were not a *duty* for me to go and pass the Christmas *fetes* with our cousin the governor, I would dispense with the journey until another time. However, I shall have to speak to him of important affairs, and I always have something to ask of him: but you know I leave you with regret—"

"You will at least leave me at St. Pierre?" interrupted his wife with impatience.

"But it seems to me that during my absence you will be more happy here; more conveniently situated—"

"What inconvenience could there be in waiting for you at our house at St. Pierre? There, as here, I know I should receive no visitors, and with the exception of Cecile should speak to no living being. But at least I could see the world from the windows, which would be more agreeable than to look out upon these negro huts, the sugar mill and the store houses."

"My dear Elconore, what a child you are!" said her husband in a reproving tone; "you should endeavor to reconcile yourself to our situation—you must, since we reside here now for the greater part of the year. The air is healthier here than at St. Pierre."

"And this is the first time you have discovered it during the thirty years you have resided in Martinique! Before our marriage you never thought of leaving the city."

"That is because I was always lonesome when single; but with you, my dear Elconore, this is the sojourn I prefer. Come, dear, say not that it is unpleasant. Here you command sovereignly; you have entire liberty."

"Which is of no great value. But, monsieur, I will take advantage of my liberty, and to-morrow I will visit the hot springs; and if I find it agreeable there, I shall remain eight, ten, fifteen days—perhaps all the while you are gone."

"To the hot springs! why that is a day's journey, along a most frightful route, across a wilderness, where wander vagrant negroes; and there is nothing but an old, abandoned hut at the springs, which was in the worst condition two years ago, when I was last there. I am ready to cede that part of the plantation to any one who will take it; it is too distant to be of any profit."

"Wait, at least, until I shall have returned monsieur."

"But dear Elconore, there is much danger in this journey!"

"No matter; I am weary, and I must have some relaxation from my confinement here. You have given me all liberty."

"But when your safety is concerned; perhaps your life—"

"Do not try to frighten me! What have I to fear? I shall not be alone, for Cecile will go with me. I hope she will get your consent."

"I will not deny to my ward what I grant to my wife!"

"We will depart then, at the same hour to-morrow morning that you do. Will it not be delightful, Cecile, to visit those springs? and are you not shockingly weary of this place?"

The maiden responded to this double question by a consenting smile and a slight negative gesture; then holding up her embroidery she said—"Look, madame, and you monsieur, have I not well imitated the fringed flower, which so much resembled a lily. And what a beautiful jasmine! My friends at St. Cyr will be surprised when they see these beautiful flowers. There are none like them in France."

"Cecile, you are indeed eccentric; for two months you have most assiduously worked upon those flowers, to send them to France. Why do you not set Femi about them my dear? you know she is as skillful as a fairy."

"Then what would I do Eleonore?"

"Why, nothing at all, like me!"

"But then, like you, I should be almost dead of ennui."

"Ah! that's very probable," answered Madame de la Rebelliere, half sighing, half yawning. Then, abruptly rising, she said, "Well! about our journey; I am going to give my orders. We will go in hammocks, and take ten slaves and two mules loaded with provisions."

"That I would advise you to do, if you would not die of hunger," said M. de la Rebelliere. "Seriously this journey is folly itself. Suppose you were to meet some of those vagabond negroes?"

"You very well know they would hide themselves to let us pass."

"Ah! here is real ercole confidence! In spite of so many terrible examples, they know not how to guard against these negroes; they go, are going forever, as if they were invulnerable!"

Mme. de la Rebelliere shrugged up her shoulders and Cecile was somewhat frightened. More than once since her arrival in Martinique, had she asked of herself if the 400 slaves living on the plantation of M. de la Rebelliere would not some day rise up against their master, whose cruel whip never rested. Monsieur de la Rebelliere himself cast a timid and fearful glance behind him. "I have not been at ease," said he, "a moment, since that Palme ran off."

"That was a heavy loss—he was worth £1200."

"Who? that white slave?" asked Cecile.

"There are no white slaves!" quickly replied Monsieur de la Rebelliere. "Palme is a mulatto, born of a *caraipe* or Indian mother. There is such confusion among the *castes* now, that the devil himself could hardly distinguish them."

"His skin, however, is as white as that of M. Mathieu, my secretary."

"Nevertheless, he is a mulatto, and a rascal, whom I have treated but too kindly."

"However, he was often put to the stakes," said Mme. de la Rebelliere. "If you lose them, it is your own fault; for I have advised you a hundred times not to buy these *epaves*. They always run away."

"What is an *epave*?"

"A mulatto, or negro, who belongs to nobody, and yet has no title to liberty. The government seizes and sells them for its own benefit."

"But is that just?" interrupted Cecile.

"Of course; it is the law," said Monsieur de la Rebelliere; "but in fact, we should not buy *epaves* at any rate. The vagrant life they often lead for years, corrupts them; they are enticed by their

love of liberty; they abhor obedience, and if they are punished they avenge themselves, and cruelly too—"

"Dear me, monsieur, will these terrors never leave you?" interrupted his wife, in a mockish tone. "How long have you suffered in the very agony of fear, and yet has no one touched a hair of your head. Your negroes are kept under such subjection, and you inspire them with such fear that the idea of vengeance never enters their heads. However, if they knew in what perpetual terror you live—"

"Terror! I have none!" said her husband in a fearless manner. "I very well know that not one of those rascals dare raise a hand against me!"

There was a silence; Monsieur Rebelliere paced the apartment with his hands behind his back; his wife had thrown herself back into her chair and was playing with Cecile's bouquet. The heart of the young lady ached; these ideas, these customs, for which her education had not prepared her, painfully oppressed her. Her soul revolted at the sight of the savage punishment inflicted upon the negroes. Yet at the same time, she was the owner of slaves whom she knew toiled under the same scorching sun, and often felt the same flesh-cutting lash. There were 200 upon the plantation of *Les Mornes* of whom the will of a distant relative had left her heiress.

"Monsieur," said Madame de la Rebelliere, suddenly, "if your sojourn at Port Royal be not for more than two weeks, you will find me at the springs. I think I shall enjoy myself there finely. At first I will repair the cabin, and then I will make a garden around it. The site is exquisitely beautiful, and the air soft, balmy and healthy."

She rose and looked out upon the huts, the still earth, and resplendent heavens; "It is already late," said she "and time to retire, if we would set out on the morrow at an early hour. Monsieur, let us mutually wish each other a pleasant journey. But I do not pardon you for not taking me with you to Port Royal; although, for that matter, there's time enough yet."

"My dear Eleonore," said Monsieur de la Rebelliere, taking the hand of his wife in his own, "since you insist upon going to the springs instead of remaining at home until I return I will not oppose you. But I beg of you be prudent; do not penetrate into the woods. Make a large fire in order to cleanse the hut; and instead of ten slaves, take twenty, that you may have a guard about you night and day. If any accident happen to you, I shall be in despair; you know my love for you—" and he tenderly kissed the hand of his wife, who dared not withdraw it. But an impatient and disdainful smile expressed the feeling with which Mme. de la Rebelliere received these testimonials of affection. For three years she had received like proofs of an egotistical, jealous, deep and implacable love. She dared not own it to herself but she hated her husband and fear alone compelled her to obey him. She seldom attempted to oppose his wishes, although, sometimes she enjoyed the sad pleasure of ridiculing him to his face, while submitting, as if resigned, to a life for which she was not made, and which from chagrin and ennui, was making sorry inroads upon her health. Provided that she lived separated, apart from the world, Monsieur de la Rebelliere gave way to her whims and fancies. She was "sovereign mistress" of the sort of prison in which the savage jealousy of

her husband confined her; and sometimes she abused to extravagance this little liberty. It was thus that she wished to visit the hot springs, in venturing across a wild, unbroken tract of country, solely for a change of situation and for the sake of relieving the dull monotony of her life. Upon such occasions she shook off her natural indolence and became active and indefatigable.

CHAPTER II.

On the morrow, towards evening, a storm was seen gathering in the sky; the wind blew at intervals in loud and strong gusts. "*Les pitons du Carbet*" was crowned by black clouds, and rapidly up from the western horizon others were seen rising and spreading over the sky, and it became almost dark. The sun had set red and almost rayless; a murmuring was heard in the forest—deep and continual, like that of overflowing waters.

"Halt!" cried Mme. de la Rebelliere from within her hammock: and immediately the troop stopped. The aspect of the little caravan, was curious. A guide led the advance guard, composed of five or six negroes of herculean frames, armed with guns and hatchets; then followed Mme. de la Rebelliere and Cecile, both in a hammock carried by four stout slaves, who relieved each other about every half hour. Some negresses, two mules, one driver, &c. closed the rear. At this advanced hour of the day the company found itself at the foot of the "*Pitons du Carbet*," in a narrow pass bordered by thick and bushy trees. The road, or path, obstructed by detached fragments of rocks and heavy limbs, was evidently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. Solitude stretched her mysterious sceptre over the scene which the darkness of night now rendered awful.

"Are we far from the springs?" asked Mme. de la Rebelliere with anxiety.

"About quarter of the way," replied the guide; "but it rains behind the *pitons* and the creeks will swell into rivers and we risk being swept away in crossing the ravine."

"We have a ravine to cross?"

"A creek, Mistress, where in good weather the water is up to the ancle, but to-night it will carry with it great stones and large trees."

"We must remain this side then, to-night, and set out again to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Cecile, "but where are we to remain to-night?"

"We will suspend the hammocks under the trees," replied Mme. de la Rebelliere, endeavoring to appear calm and collected. However in her heart she regretted having braved the dangers of the journey and was afraid to pass the night in those solitudes.

"Mistress," again spoke the guide in his usual indolent and submissive tone; "it will not be well perhaps to stop here. The woods are very thick and bushy, and there are serpents in them. Besides if the waters swell they will rush into this place; let us advance a short distance and we will come to a dwelling."

"Go on then! go on!" said Mme. de la Rebelliere impatiently; "why did you not speak of it before, stupid fellow! Ah, I was frightened; but come my dear Cecile, we are near a dwelling where we shall receive real creole hospitality!"

"Are you acquainted with the people who live there?" asked Cecile.

"Not the least in the world; but that is of no importance; we shall be received with heartfelt wel-

come. Travelers are always kindly received by the planters: it is a good custom in a country where there are no taverns."

The guide had spoken truly. At the extremity of the ravine, upon the summit of a steep hill which was mounted by a winding path, and which commanded a view of the inaccessible heights of the mountains, the white walls of a house were visible in the deep shade of the forest. The *voyageurs* slowly mounted the declivity, along the pathway of which large trees and luxuriant shrubbery were beautifully arranged. A light suddenly broke upon them.

"We have arrived!" exclaimed Mme. de la Rebelliere.

"May God bless the good people who receive us," said Cecile with joy and gratitude. "Oh! how frightened I was!"

The guide rapped at the door. An old negress immediately appeared. Mme. de la Rebelliere came out of her hammock.

"Where is your master?" said she entering the house. The negress pointed to a door at the head of a pair of stairs. Mme. de la Rebelliere advanced and Cecile followed her. Both however suddenly stopped upon the appearance of a man who opened the door and stood before them. Mme. de la Rebelliere half finished a graceful courtesy, and throwing a hasty, distrustful glance over the planter, and blushing, said—"I am Madame de la Rebelliere; I am going to the hot springs; the storm has surprised us *en route* and we ask your hospitality for the night."

To this precise and laconic demand, made in creole jargon, the young man respectfully bowed and said in very good French:

"I am happy, madame, to be able to offer you an asylum; all you find here is at your disposal. Be seated ladies, you must be fatigued;" and with the easy grace and politeness of a gentleman of that day, he showed the ladies to seats, and then gave orders for the reception of the troops remaining without. Mme. de la Rebelliere seemed stupefied and seated herself without saying a word; but Cecile exclaimed—

"Oh! monsieur! we are so happy to find a shelter here!" but Mme. de la Rebelliere slightly touched her elbow and gave her a side glance that warned her of having committed some indiscretion. Cecile was frightened and looked around her with uneasiness. Every thing however wore a quiet aspect. It was supper time; and a table set for one person only stood in the middle of the apartment and served with a sort of luxury yet rare in the colonies: Crystal decanters and glasses, china dishes, &c. However the room was very simply furnished; torches of candle wood lighted it with a reddish light; some dried plants and several stuffed birds, and other trophies of the chase hung against the wall; and in the midst of this queer decoration, were the portraits of two men, dressed after the French style, in silk coats, broad neck bands and a wig *a la Louis XIV.* which seemed to look down and smile.

"I hope, madame, you will do me the honor of partaking of a light collation which my servants are about to serve up," said the planter, making a signal to the negress who was bringing in the rice and banana, to put a second plate opposite to that already upon the table.

"Yes, most willingly, for I am quite hungry," replied Mme. de la Rebelliere, thanking him; "and

you also, my dear Cecile, you have already fasted long. Ah! we arrived just in time; how it storms without!" The storm had burst upon them; the rain beat violently against the windows; the lightning fiercely gleamed from above, and the thunder sharply and continually echoed among the mountains.

"Come, reassure yourself," said Mme. de la Rebelliere to her young companion, who tremblingly supported herself by her side; "we are safe here. Let us sup."

"Would you prefer madame, to be waited on by your own servants?" asked the planter; "they are below in a separate cabin, I will call them."

"Thanks, many thanks," replied Mme. de la Rebelliere, surprised at so much politeness and good breeding. "How much trouble I cause you; I have many servants with me."

"They are already lodged in a hut which was at the moment unoccupied; have no uneasiness madame. I will see that they are well cared for." He disappeared.

"My dear," said Mme. de la Rebelliere, replying rapidly to the questions of Cecile, concerning the significant glance she had given her some time before, "we are in the house of a mulatto, and you called him *monsieur*!"

"How! a mulatto?"

"Yes; I perceived it instantly; did you see me hesitate and blush at the door; this man is not white, therefore you should not call him *Monsieur*."

"A man so polite, and of such gentlemanly manners and of so fine a figure and whose skin is quite as white as my own—what should I call him?"

"By his name when you shall know it. If you call him *Monsieur* what will you call a white man? Your Highness? or my Lord? Surely there must be some difference."

"Why, is the position of this man in society different from my own?"

"Yes, indeed, and he feels it himself; observe, he will not sit down to the table with us; there are but two plates upon the table."

"How strange!" said Cecile pensively; "I accept his hospitality with a sort of reluctance now; I cannot help but think that he is humiliating himself." The servant entered and the ladies seated themselves at the table; the planter did not appear. This reserve painfully oppressed Cecile, while it seemed to please Mme. de la Rebelliere.

"I hope we shall see him again before we retire," said she quite loudly. "We must thank him again. I am sorry I did not speak to him of it. How very polite he is."

"His name is Donatien," said old Femi, "and he is a good master."

"Where did you learn that?"

"They spoke of it in the hut, below."

"His plantation appears to be quite extensive; he must be rich; how many slaves has he?" Femi making a negative sign, raised her hands opened, "As many as I have fingers, neither more nor less; however, they work with good hearts and the master lives well."

The supper was finished in silence. As soon as they arose from the table, the planter appeared. Mme. de la Rebelliere warmly thanked him for the reception he had given them, and turning her eyes towards a seat between her and Cecile, said:

"Are you not going to spend the evening with us?" He remained standing with one hand upon the back of the chair.

"Madame," said he warmly, "I most heartily accept your invitation. Your presence in my solitude is indeed delightful. To comprehend the pleasure I experience in hearing you speak your beautiful language, it were necessary to live apart from the world for a long while, as I have done."

While he thus expressed himself in a pure and beautiful accent, and standing in the graceful attitude of a man who had seen the world, Cecile and Madame de la Rebelliere regarded him with astonishment. At first they had been struck by the masculine beauty of his features, and now they were surprised by the eloquence of his language and his manners. In these he was distinguished above all the men they had ever before seen. He appeared to be about 28 or 30 years of age. His tall and admirably proportioned frame possessed a noble grace, and the attributes of strength; his fine and regular features expressed a proud calmness; his hair was soft, glossy and black; his dress neat and tasty, and after the creole fashion.

"Then seat yourself, I pray you," said Mme. de la Rebelliere at length, earnestly. "In the first place, allow me to thank you again for your kindness. You fill with good heart the duty of a hospitable planter. Have you lived here long?"

"About a year, Madame."

"One can easily see that you have lived elsewhere than here."

To this indirect question, which could have passed for a compliment, Donatien responded only by an inclination of the head.

"What fine portraits those are?" said Mme. de la Rebelliere, throwing a rapid glance over the wall. "Astonishing! they seem to live; one would say they could almost speak! What a noble expression has this one!"

"Yes, madame," replied Donatien with emotion; "they were noble men—they had noble hearts!"

"And you were acquainted with them? Were they creoles?"

"They were both born upon this plantation about forty years ago. Their family was much decayed; but Enambuc-du-Parquet was yet remembered as once being richer than many sovereigns, possessing all Gaudaloupe, Martinique and the Isle of Grenada. This immense fortune was dissipated at the death of him who had acquired it by negotiation and the sword; these two men inherited but this plantation. Twenty years ago they went to France. Soon after one of them died; the other gained high honors and great wealth in the discharge of duties imposed upon him by the government. But his health becoming feeble after some years spent there, his physician advised him to return to his native country. He returned, and some months ago, died."

"And you were brought up by him! did you go to France with him?" asked Mme. de la Rebelliere, with interest.

"Yes, madame."

"You have been in France, *monsieur*! exclaimed Cecile, "oh! *la France! quel beau pays!*"

"I passed twenty years there, the happiest, the most delightful of my life, I believe," he sadly replied.

Mme. de la Rebelliere hastily formed some probable conjectures. She thought that Donatien must be the son of Mons. d'Enambuc, and some slave mistress. This opinion neither raised nor lowered him in her esteem. Had he been the first born of the King, it sufficed that there was a drop of dark blood in

his veins, which in her estimation, lowered him a degree below the meanest white.

"France!" repeated she, "you have lived in France! Did you visit Paris, and the Versailles? Cecile thinks of nothing but France; and really I begin to think it is the finest country upon earth."

"Who that has lived upon her bosom can forget her! Here life glides silently away in the enjoyment of every thing material—there the emotions of the soul live!"

Mme. de la Rebelliere, with the ignorance of the creole did not comprehend the reply. Her whole being seemed material.

"I know not," said she, "how one can live happily where there are no fruits, or flowers, or leaves upon the trees for half the year. I shiver when Cecile tells me of her pleasure excursions under a wintry sky, and when the ground was covered with snow. I believe I should die were I to breathe a moment in such a climate;" and she sank deeper in her cushions. Cecile taking up the conversation, continued it alone with the planter; and they conversed so long and so beautifully of Paris and the Versailles, that Mme. de la Rebelliere believed she was listening to a fairy tale. She was besides singularly captivated by the polite and elegant language of the young man. Her husband's mind was sterile and knew no mental beauties, and it seemed to her that she now for the first time listened to an accomplished man—and she was right.

Ere the interest of the conversation had abated, the cock proclaimed the midnight hour. Donatien hastily arose quite astonished. "I have abused your politeness," said he, "I hasten to retire. Your hammocks will be swung here. Have you any other orders?"

"Thank you, no; oh, yes, send us our servants, if you please," and Mme. de la Rebelliere graciously bowed. "Why, how quickly the time has passed. Good night, *a demain*."

"*Mon dieu!*" said Cecile, "I have been calling him *monsieur* again and again; but it is useless, I can call him nothing else. A man so amiable, *so comme il faut*. He is not one of your creole gentleman—he is *so agreeable!*"

"Yes; how strange!" said Mme. de la Rebelliere, pensively.

CHAPTER III.

As she had suspected, Mme. de la Rebelliere did not find the cabin at the springs in so bad a condition as had been described by her husband. But little was necessary to make it a delightful residence. It was situated upon a small eminence, at the foot of which on the south was a ravine. The murmuring of waters were heard at its bottom, and on its borders were beautiful groves and thickets of dark and lovely verdure. Towards the east rolled a valley through which meandered a stream from the springs. On the west the sight was bounded by the almost perpendicular side of a mountain, in the midst of which opened a yawning gap, caused no doubt, by some terrible heaving of earth's bosom. Here and there within this chasm rose tall, slender, and almost limbless trees, and away up near the crest, where distance gave a bluish hue to vegetation, was seen the roof of a dwelling; it was that of Donatien; he was rather a distant neighbor, for a deep ravine separated his house from the springs, and to go from one place to the other, it was necessary to follow a long and winding path.

After a week's sojourn in the wilderness, Mme

de la Rebelliere announced that she would on the morrow return; but when the morrow came she had changed her mind. A singular activity had taken place of her natural indolence. Every day she wandered for hours in company with Cecile amid the wilderness of the surrounding scenery. Donatien had never visited their residence, but the two ladies had often met him, and then under his guidance, they would penetrate far into the before untrodden forest.

Once Mme. de la Rebelliere and Cecile had pursued a long and lonely path, unaccompanied by any one. They had even gained the foot of the eminence, on the heights of which stood Donatien's house. No words can describe the picturesque beauty which surrounded them—so wild and savage—it seemed as if no human being had ever before trod those valleys or gazed from those dizzy heights. The dry bed of the mountain torrent formed a natural road, from the sides of which rose noble forest trees, interlacing their branches above, and rendering it at once beautiful and refreshing. The tall palm tree waved its fan-like leaves to the breeze, which, whispering as it sported along the leafy arch, gathered a delicious fragrance from the countless flowers and balmy herbs that festooned the solitary way. The ladies walked slowly along, locking arms and from time to time turning to enjoy the grateful and odoriferous breeze. Suddenly Cecile stopped:

"See! there is a man!" said she with fright. Upon looking up, Mme. de la Rebelliere saw a man sitting a short distance in advance of them upon the edge of the ravine, who appeared as if quietly waiting for them. A few rags of linen hardly covered his nakedness, and his nervous arms and broad shoulders bathed in palm oil, seemed, as they shone in the rays of the setting sun, to be of reddish metal. His features were marked with great firmness, and at the same time great calmness. Mme. de la Rebelliere regarded him in perfect astonishment, and at length said in a low voice:

"It is Paleme, that *epave*, who lately ran away from us. I wonder what he is doing here?"

She hesitated a moment, but then as if suddenly resolved, she advanced boldly towards the fugitive slave; and in passing appeared not to recognise him. Paleme did not raise his head, but retired a little as if to permit the ladies to pass. At this place the ravine was partially obstructed by an enormous rock, and near it had been constructed an *ajoupa*, a sort of shelter. At the sight of the palm leaf roof placed upon four stakes, and some traces of cultivation, together with some fire blackened stones, Mme. de la Rebelliere supposed it must be the retreat of Paleme.

"Poor man!" said Cecile, "what wretchedness! what a terrible isolation. He must live like Saint Antoine, upon roots alone. Oh! what love of liberty! But we will not speak to Mons. de la Rebelliere of our finding the *epave* here."

"No; I shall say nothing of it; but let us go."

A second afterwards, however, Paleme stood before them again, in the middle of the way.

"Mistress, are you not going to repose yourself here a little while?" said he in creole jargon, and pointing to his *ajoupa*. These words, although simple, were so audacious in the mouth of a slave, that Mme. de la Rebelliere became pale with astonishment and fright.

"Night is fast approaching," said she, calmly, however, "and we have not time to stop. May God

guard you this night and all the days of your life. If you will come down to the springs they will give you some brandy and tobacco."

"At the springs?—at the residence of Mme. de la Rebelliere? You do not wish to recognise me, mistress," said he, scornfully. "Ah, hah, but I remember you well; you are the wife of my amiable master. I have been your slave—do you see, I carry the marks yet;"—and he exhibited his shoulders, furrowed by the whip.

"Well! if I am your mistress, obey me! cease to hinder us!" said Mme. de la Rebelliere, advancing with a haughty and dauntless step.

He stirred not; but said in a low, deep, determined tone—"No; you shall remain here with me. Are you afraid? of what? I have no arms; and besides, be assured, I would kill no woman. Come, seat yourselves there, I tell you."

Mme. de la Rebelliere trembled.

"What can he mean by such conduct?" said Cecile, who understood the *jargon*, especially when Paleme spoke.

"I do not know," said Mme. de la Rebelliere in French, "but I wish we were far from here." Paleme understood her, and smiled with savage satisfaction.

"To-morrow," said he, "to-morrow, you will tell my master that Paleme retained you during the night in his *ajoupa*. Hah! hah! what a stinging revenge! is it not? He shall see that I have not forgotten the four stakes to which he has so often bound me with my face to the ground!"

Mme. de la Rebelliere affected to smile as if she had not comprehended the meaning of his words, while Cecile regarded him with an enquiring eye, as if to interrogate his physiognomy.

"Will you eat, mistress?" said Paleme, uncovering a few roasted bananas, which had been buried beneath some ashes. She declined with a scornful air. Cecile had become reassured, and said—"This man does not look as though he would harm us, but he wishes to retain us, because, perhaps, he fears we will tell Monsieur de la Rebelliere where his retreat is. Can you not persuade him to let us go?"

Mme. de la Rebelliere did not answer, but threw around her a look full of anger and terror. Paleme peacefully ate his bananas. Mme. de la Rebelliere now seated herself and resting her head upon her hands, endeavored to master her feelings. Suddenly, however, the report of a gun caused her to start to her feet.

"It is Donatien!" said she and Cecile both together, and in a moment or two he appeared. Paleme sprang up before him, but stopped suddenly upon hearing him exclaim—

"Why ladies, have you lost your way? the sun is setting, and you are very far from the springs. Come, let us hasten away from here."

Mme. de la Rebelliere ran to meet him, and Paleme seated himself again before his *ajoupa* in silence. Cecile, in passing, said—"Adieu, my good man, be assured that Mme. de la Rebelliere will not say that she has met you."

"Donatien," said Mme. de la Rebelliere, taking his arm, "That girl has not comprehended our situation, but you have rescued more than our lives!"

He trembled. "*Mon dieu!*" said he, "was it chance that brought me to you? I had a presentiment that you were in danger, and I sought you. You have then in some wise injured this man?" Madame de la Rebelliere then briefly related that

Paleme had been their slave and why he had escaped. "It is true," said she, sighing, "that Monsieur de la Rebeliere is a cruel master, and I wonder not that that unhappy being hates us. Cecile now joined them, and the three wended their way towards the springs.

Donatian visited Paleme the same evening. They were well acquainted with each other; the benevolence of the one and the misery of the other had often brought them together. "Listen," said Donatian, returning the salutation of Paleme, "a great misfortune came nigh befalling you this evening. If your hand had but touched either of those women that I met before your *ajoupa*, your life should have paid for your audacity. Paleme shrugged his shoulders and replied—

"Enough; you have been good to me; you have nourished me when I was sick, and I have not forgotten it. Since you protect these women they can go in safety. If I meet them again I will turn from their path. For your sake, I renounce my vengeance."

"I can trust to you, and I rely upon your promise, Paleme, adieu;" and he was about to leave him, but Paleme held him back.

"Listen," said he; "before we part, I wish to tell you a story: Yonder in the woods there was a beautiful bird that fluttered all the day among the boughs of a palm tree, where was its rest. And one day it found among its eggs two others, white as the rose; and it hatched them with its own, and from them came two serpents which devoured the bird itself, and—"

"Adieu, Paleme," said Donatian leaving him.

From that day Mme. de la Rebeliere and Cecile went accompanied by Donatian in all their rambles. They would meet him generally near the edge of the forest in a lovely grove and after long wanderings he would lead them back late in the evening, almost to their door; the threshold of which he never crossed. This new mode of life seemed to have acted powerfully upon Mme. de la Rebeliere. Now her natural languor would steal over her—now she would be lively and energetic—now sad—now gay—a life as much different as pleasing, when contrasted with the one which had dragged its slow length along with her husband. Cecile was often pensive; but her calm and serene countenance betrayed no unhappy thoughts. Life then glided smoothly, charmingly with the two women; they both loved for the first time! But this remained a secret between them—neither divined the other's thoughts, and both gave themselves up to the siren spell of the wily god. Mme. de la Rebeliere learned at length what had been wanting to render happy her life; and sooner than Cecile she recognized the emotion she experienced as love, powerful, irresistible love. But a sentiment of unconquerable pride extinguished the least outbreaking of the flame that burned in her heart. She loved for the happiness of loving, and she persuaded herself that what passed in her mind during those days and those entire nights, in which she sighed and wept in breathing the name of Donatian, was no sin.

Cecile, younger and less experienced, abandoned herself in the innocence of her heart to the sweetest emotion that had ever thrilled her soul. It was at once a sentiment of admiration, tenderness and pity, for more easily than Mme. de la Rebeliere, she had perceived that Donatian was not happy; besides, those prejudices of *caste* which sometimes awakened in the breast of the proud

creole a secret shame were unknown to her. She did not understand how a man as white as herself, and by far the most accomplished, agreeable and gentlemanly person that she had ever seen, could be her inferior.

There was between our three personages a tacit agreement to meet each day. How sweetly and rapidly glided the hours in the bosom of this wilderness, where every step discovered something new. Now it was some magnificent flower upon the border of a silvery stream—now the ingenious nest of some rare bird—and now some unknown fruit. Often they seated themselves beneath the blooming lemon tree, around which buzzed the green plumed humming-bird, while Donatian recounted something he had read in his books, or described the scenes he had witnessed in his travels beyond the sea. He was happy then; his soft eyes rested upon the faces of the charmed and attentive hearers with a calm delight. But if his heart already beat for one of them, if he experienced their resistable influence of that climate, impregnated with love, he knew how to conceal the lively emotions, the thrillings of a happiness that always turned bitter and burning in moments of reflection.

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.



LORENZO DE MEDICIS.

LORENZO DE MEDICIS surnamed the Great, and the father of letters, was born 1448. He was son of Peter, and the grandson of Cosmo, and he was brother to Julian de Medicis. The great influence which he and his brother exercised in Florence, was viewed with jealousy by Ferdinand IV. of Naples, and by pope Sixtus IV. and a dreadful conspiracy was formed against them by the Piazzi, at the base instigation of these two foreign potentates. Julian fell by the dagger of an assassin, while celebrating mass 1478, but Lorenzo, who was then with him, had the good fortune to escape, though wounded, with his life; and such was his popularity, that he was conducted back to his palace by the multitude, in the general acclamations of condolence and of joy. Inheriting the beneficent and honorable qualities of his grandfather, he devoted himself to the patronage of literature, and was regarded as the Mæcenas of the age. The Florentines saw with pride their opulent countryman selling in one hand the products of the East, and with the other supporting and guiding the public concerns of the state; at one time giving audience to ambassadors, at another splendidly entertaining merchants, and now relieving the necessities of the poor, exhibiting public shows to the multitude, or adorning his native city with the most splendid buildings, for the purposes both of magnificence and hospitality. These high and meritorious services were not lost in the gratitude of the Florentines; Lorenzo was named chief of their re-

public, and so mild and equitable was his government, and so respectable his character, that foreign princes often submitted their disputes to his final and impartial decision. Ardent in the cause of science, Lorenzo was surrounded by the learned, the brave, and the ingenious; and to render Florence the emporium of whatever was rare in literature, John Lascaris, a man of classical taste, was sent in the most honorable manner, into the East, to collect the choicest manuscripts to enrich the library. Lorenzo was himself a man of learning. He wrote poetry with success, and his sonnets and songs, in Italian, have often been printed, and are deservedly admired. This illustrious character died the 9th of April, 1492, aged 44; but though so universally respected and admired, his glory was obscured by his passion for the female sex, and by his great indifference in religious duties. His history has become particularly interesting in the luminous pages of Mr. Roscoe.

MISCELLANY.

ADVANTAGES OF A TRADE.

FRANKLIN says, "he who has a trade has an estate," and never was a more true or useful maxim uttered by that great man. Many were the rules of conduct laid down by him and practiced too, through his long life, which, if followed by men in all times and ages, would greatly improve the condition and circumstances of the multitude. The above saying is easily understood by all, and applicable to all professions or pursuits. A great day it will be for our country when youth shall be induced or compelled to adopt some calling, whether mercantile, or what is called a liberal profession, or what is really mechanical. And a great day will it be when more of them shall choose the latter—to become respectable mechanics rather than second rate lawyers, or doctors or divines.

The above remarks were suggested by a little anecdote we lately heard related. A young man, born heir to a large estate, was at the age of fifteen, regularly apprenticed to a respectable and scientific mechanic, for the purpose of learning what is sometimes sneeringly called a *trade*. There was no necessity for such a step, but the father chose so to dispose of the education of his son, often repeating to him, "*he who has a trade has an estate*." The young man became master of his trade, and had the supreme happiness (and earth can offer none more perfect) of supporting his aged father by his skill and industry; for the great fortune to which he had been born heir, was, by misfortune all lost.

THE SLAVE MASTER OUTWITTED.

ZECK, it seems, had been "sold running," as the term is; that is, a purchaser had given a very small part of his original value, taking the risk of not catching him. In Philadelphia a colored man named Samuel Johnson, heard a gentleman making inquiries concerning a slave called Zeck, whom he "bought running." "I know him very well," said Samuel; "as well as I do myself, he's a good-for-nothing chap: and you'll be better without him than with him." "Do you think so?" "Yes, if you gave what you say for him; it was a bite—that's all. He's a lazy, good-for-nothing dog, and you'd better sell your right in him the first chance you get." After some further talk Samuel acknowledged that Zeck was his brother. The gentleman advised him to buy him; but Samuel pro-

tested that he was such a lazy, vicious dog that he wanted nothing to do with him. The gentleman began to have so bad an opinion of his bargain, that he offered to sell the fugitive for sixty dollars. Samuel with apparent indifference, accepted the terms, and the necessary papers were drawn. Isaac T. Hopper was in the room during the transaction, and the colored man requested him to examine the papers to see that all was right. Being assured that every thing was in due form, he inquired, "and is Zeek now free?" "Yes, entirely free," "Suppose I was Zeek, and that was the man that bought me; couldn't he take me?" "Not any more than he could take me," said Isaac. As soon as Samuel received this assurance, he made a bow to the gentleman, and, with additional fun in a face always roguish; said, "Your servant, sir: I am Zeek."—*Mrs. Child's letters from New-York.*

SPLENDID VICTORY.

I HAVE read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town, (in the Tyrol, I think,) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "if they will take it, they must."

Soldiers soon came riding in with flying colors, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked.

"We have none," was the brief reply.

"But we have come to take the town."

"Well, friends, it lies before you."

"But is there nobody here to fight?"

"No; we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit: a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed, "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.—*L. M. Child.*

SIGN OF A SINGER.—"Ah' Cuff, will ye be after tipping us a bit of a sang this cowl'd mornin'?" exclaimed a son of the Emerald Isle to a brother of the sable race, a co-laborer in the division and subdivision of wood.

"Golly, massa, I can't sing!"

"Can't sing! and what is yer leg stuck in the middle of yer fut for, like a bird's, if ye can't sing?"

GREATNESS.—Greatness consists in endeavoring to elevate mankind at the expense of self. Washington was offered a crown, by a party of his enthusiastic admirers; and refused it—a moral majesty which exalts his name above that of every monarch, living or dead, who has helped to degrade humanity by assuming or maintaining the position or the functions of royalty.

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1844.

ROBINSON CRUSOE;

Illustrated with 200 Engravings,

Published by D. Appleton & Company, No. 200 Broadway, New-York.

This illustrated edition of *De Foe's* greatest work ranks among the most splendid tomes of the day. The print is excellent, the binding costly, and two hundred plates similar to that on our first page portray with great spirit and beauty the wonderful scenes which occur in Crusoe's life. The work is always in great demand—every body reads Robinson Crusoe—and hence, an edition like the present might have been long ago expected. Genius should never be wrapped in rags—the pure gold should never be encumbered with dross—nor should Robinson Crusoe come to us in print and binding unworthy the proud eminence his history has attained. But such, we lament to relate, has been the case, though at last ample justice is rendered, in this edition, to the memory of the great adventurer.

His is "a name not born to die." It belongs to the world, and will live in every cultivated language as long as men appreciate the beautiful or render homage to Genius. The wild Arab in his lowly tent listens to the strange tale of his life—so does the Monarch in his proud palace, and when care and the weight of years have whitened their heads each adverts to the day when it led his mind captive for hours; and the recollection of those moments snatches as it were, from the past, a green, life-glowing memento of childhood. A deep sigh for those swift-winged instants, a sigh for the eagle flight of time since the era marked in the pathway of life by the master hand of *De Foe* has swelled many a bosom, has awakened many a thought, strange, unsummoned, perhaps painful. With what truth has it been said that "the pulses of the heart and the thoughts of the brain make time!" how impetuously we rush back into the clouded past for the bright sunshine that lingers around the memory of the day when introduced to this prince of the lone isle—what an ocean of thought we traverse—what a tumult of recollections crowd round the heart—how long we live in that moment! To be again a child, to feel the warm enthusiasm of childhood for one so unfortunate yet so successful and conquering, to linger over the intense imagery of those pages is to

—Divide our being; it becomes
A portion of ourselves as of our time.

De Foe was a writer of singular merit. Possessed of a fine imagination, fluent and beautifully graphic in language, and always careful to remain within the most limited bounds of the probable, his fictitious works have obtained almost unbounded popularity. It would afford us great pleasure to make mention of some others of these besides the one before us, but our time and space forbid.

On our first page will be found an engraving with an extract in illustration, which, though brief, explains the whole economy of Crusoe's island life.

THE SLAVE; OR MARTINIQUE IN 1720.—We lay before our readers in the present number of the Repository, a beautiful translation of this thrilling tale. We do not think that it is fully equal to the "*Gipsy Mother*," but one more unique and interesting has scarcely been published in our sheet. For a long series of years the Repository has met with the most cordial approbation and support from an enlightened and discriminating public, and we now have the pleasure of congratulating them upon arrangements which will secure to us some rare gems in French and Spanish literature. We are deter-

mined to be unsurpassed in our exertions to render our little periodical as elegant and interesting as any of its compeers, (there are very few left) and the reward of our industry and skill shall be the continued approbation of our liberal patrons.

THE "SPIRIT OF THE AGE," in consequence of some unforeseen difficulty in regard to our printing machinery, did not appear during the past week as was announced; but on Wednesday last it was hailed with joy by all lovers of Temperance principles, of elegant literature, Odd Fellowship and good humor.

The subscribers to this paper are indeed a favored people; for the "Spirit of the Age," published weekly, and composed of the best materials money and labor can procure, is offered to them for the trivial sum of *seventy-five cents*, per annum.

In all probability we shall not gain a single dollar by this operation; but we shall at least have the proud satisfaction of knowing that our patrons are greatly benefited. To those who are not subscribers to the Repository the "Spirit of the Age" will be sent for one dollar per year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have on hand a large number of contributions, both in verse and prose, which, from a press of business, we have been unable to notice. These, however, shall be paid all due attention in our next. "*Lydia Jane's*" promised favor will indeed be a welcome visitor. May we hope from her fluent pen a tale of some "light and shadow" in the reign of King Alcohol? But, no matter what may be the subject, we shall warmly greet the lively offspring of her imagination.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. C. Phelps, N. Y. \$1.00; J. G. Westborough, Ms. \$1.00; P. A. L. Jackson Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; H. D. F. Otis, Ms. \$1.00; J. F. Portland, Ia. \$1.00; L. J. K. Aurora, Ill. \$1.00; H. L. W. Caledonia, Ill. (\$1.00 for vol. 21st.) \$2.00; J. H. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. West Cornwall, Ct. \$1.00; R. H. J. Richmond, Va. \$1.00; W. M. Otis Ville, Va. \$1.00; C. H. W. Northville, Mich. \$2.00.

Married,

In this city, in Christ Church, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. P. Teller Babbitt, Charles H. Hedges, of this city, to Anne B. daughter of the late Henry Livingston, Esq.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Waterbury, Mr. Edwin Camfield, of New Marlboro, Mass. to Miss Celestia Cook, of the same place.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. C. F. LeFevre, Mr. William S. Gilbert to Mrs. Betsey May.

On Thursday, the 18th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. David Post, of this city, to Miss Nancy P. Brace, of West Stockbridge, Mass.

By the same, Mr. Robert R. Hallenbeck to Miss Jane Van Deusen, both of Greenport.

In Valatie, on the 9th ult. by John Trimper, Esq. Mr. Martin M. Garner, to Miss Lorinda Lampman, both of Valatie.

At Stuyvesant Falls, on the 11th ult. by Elder L. S. Rexford, Mr. William Barnes to Miss Abigail Sherwood, both of the above place.

In Ghent, by the Rev. Mr. Crawford of Kinderhook, Mr. Morgan Henry Chrysler, of Hudson, to Miss Amelia, daughter of Henry Groat, late deceased of the former place.

In Philadelphia, January 7th by G. W. Bethune, D. D. Mr. John C. Lowry, of Pittsfield, Mass. to Miss Anna E. daughter of Reynold Clayton, Esq. of Philadelphia.

Died,

In this city, on the 21st ult. Mary Ann West, in her 22d year.

On the 22d ult. Clarissa Whiting, aged 62 years.

On the 27th ult. after a painful illness of 13 days, with dropsy in the head, Franklin son of William and Mary Porter, aged 1 year and 4 months.

Our child beloved has gone to rest,
Beyond the azure skies,
And with the angels of the blest,
His songs of triumph raise.

In Ghent, on the 5th ult. after a protracted illness, Mr. Benjamin Vredenburg, aged 57.

At Whitehall, on Wednesday, the 10th ult. Mary L. wife of Hunlock W. Palmer, cashier of the Bank of Whitehall.

On the 14th ult. at her residence in Claverack, Mrs. Nancy Moore.

In the city of New-York, on the 26th ult. Hon. Rufus Palen, of Sullivan County, brother of Joseph G. Palen, Esq. of this city, aged 37 years.

At Ghent, on the 18th ult. Elizabeth, wife of Henry Waldorff, in the 48th year of her age.

At Chatham, on the 25th ult. Mrs. Eunice Harder, in the 83d year of her age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

"The spirit shall return to God who gave it."

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

WHEN o'er the sea of life,
The trembling bark is driven;
How sweet amid the billow's strife,
To catch a glimpse of heaven.
How does the kindly gleam,
When all is sad and drear;
Like moonlight on a darksome stream,
The fainting bosom cheer.
Sweet are the transient rays,
They lift the mind above;
Faith, thro' her telescope surveys,
The far off land of love:
Where, when the weary soul
By fate's strong billows tossed—
Feels in the last, long surging roll
The sea of life is crossed,
Shall wing its wondrous way,
Up to these worlds above;
Where all is one eternal day,
One scene of perfect love.
Securely there to rest,
From sin and sorrow free;
Forever on the Savior's breast
To all Eternity.
Peace, troubled soul be calm,
There's rest for thee in heaven;
For every wound there is a balm,
That balm is sin forgiven.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1844.

There is a fine strain of poetry in the following verses, written by a pupil in the Second Department of the Albany Female Academy, and to whom was awarded the highest premium.

"IT IS A FEARFUL THING TO LOVE WHAT DEATH MAY TOUCH."

I've seen a mother with her child kneel down in fervent prayer,
Anxious for him whose guileless heart was yet untouched by care;
To her his infant whisperings were notes of purest love,
And cheered her solitary hours as angels from above.
Scarce three short years had o'er him passed, when his once brilliant eye
Grew dim, and but too plainly told that he was soon to die;
Vain, vain are words to speak the grief breathed from that mother's heart,
When she saw death preying on his cheek and saw him slow depart.
The spoiler touched the opening flower and laid its frail stem low,
It seemed too true that fairest ones are always first to go.
'Twas then I heard that mother's voice in strains of deepest grief,
In that dark hour her troubled soul in tears found no relief.
And when I saw her feeble frame bowed down by anguish sore,
I felt that I could never love the charms of this world more;
And when I saw her tenderly around his cold form cling,
I felt to love what death may touch is indeed a fearful thing.

I have seen a mourning wife and watched her deep distress,
And marked her bitterness of soul—in vain was her caress—

She mourned for one to whom in youth her trustful heart was given,
And sighed to join his spirit true and dwell in love in heaven.

I gazed upon her pallid cheek and feeble sinking frame,
And felt that it would not be long ere death her form would claim;
And as her bitter burning tears fell on his form of clay,
I felt how fearful 'tis to love what death may take away.

I've seen an old man when his head was lowly bowed with care—
He gazed upon the charms of earth, but found no pleasure there.
I asked him, if 'twas friends he sought, and had the answer, "nay,
For all of good that here is found will quickly pass away."

He sighed and said, "I've lived on earth full three score years and ten,
Now death has claimed my only child and I ask him not again;
Those I have loved have one by one departed from my hearth,
Till now I'm left a wanderer, but seek not friends on earth."

Is there naught unchanging then in which we may confide?
No being who is ever near our weary steps to guide?
Then must all man's hopes be vain, his fond anticipations fail,
And then may we the loss of friends most bitterly bewail?

O! yes! there is a mighty God who has a throne on high,
On whose unchanging love we may with confidence rely,
He has formed for us above an everlasting home,
That home is heaven where angels dwell and sorrows never come.

Then mortal turn from this dull earth and seek eternal rest
In heaven, where the peaceful heart is ne'er by grief oppressed;
Death never seeks that holy place, but angels sing sweet lays,
And echo answers back the song, to God's eternal praise.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES

Upon the Death of Mrs. Eliza Van Hoesen, of Stuyvesant.

BY MISS HENRIETTA GAY.

How calm the dying saint appears,
As she draws near death's gate;
Oh! how imploringly she asks,
"Why doth his chariot wait;
Why doth it tarry on the way,
Why is the message long,
When will the time arrive, when I
Shall sing the angel's song."

"My husband dear a long farewell—
On earth we'll meet no more,
My race with mortals now is run,
My pilgrimage is o'er;
And like a weary dove I long
Far, far away to flee:—
My aged father fare thee well,
Weep not, weep not for me.

"My little children fare ye well,
I leave you in God's care,
That he would watch o'er you through life,
Is thy fond mother's prayer:
I give my earthly treasures up,
Without a lingering sigh;
My brothers and my sisters dear,
I bid you all good bye.

"The time of my departure's near,
My course on earth is run,
I've fought the fight of faith with fear,
My earthly task is done.
The sting of death has lost its power,
The grave has lost the gloom,
That must enshroud in death's dark hour,
The dying sinner's tomb.

"The tomb, the resting place for all,
The sinful and the just;
The human family there must sleep,
And dust return to dust.
This is the state—it is inscribed,
On every mound we see,
In characters addressed to all,
'Prepare to follow me.'"

Stockport, N. Y. 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

A DONATION HYMN.

As sheep by faithful shepherd led,
We gather round our chosen head,
We bring our offerings as 'tis meet,
And lay them freely at his feet.

Steward of Heaven's Eternal King,
Rich treasures from his grace to bring;
Our souls by him are ever fed,
With full supplies of living bread.

From the exhaustless fount above,
He takes deep draughts of Heavenly love,
Which from his lips like dew distils,
And every heart with rapture fills.

While we the greater gift receive;
The grace which bids our spirits live;
Shall we refuse with sordid heart
An earthly portion to impart?

Rather shall love the heart expand;
We come with open generous hand,
What God has trusted to our care,
In gratitude with him we share.

Father in Heaven with liberal hand,
Oh! deign to keep this precious band;
Let such again our gathering be
Unbroken in Eternity.

Spencertown, April, 1844.

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IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY Wm. B. Stoddard.

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